

T H E

State of Rome,

U N D E R

N E R O and D O M I T I A N:

A

S A T I R E.

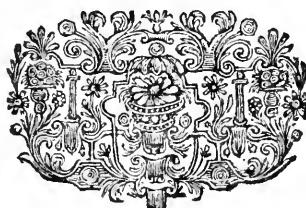
C O N T A I N I N G,

A List of *Nobles, Senators, High Priests, Great
Ministers of State, &c. &c. &c.*

By Messrs. J U V E N A L and P E R S I U S.

The S E C O N D E D I T I O N, Corrected.

Alter & Idem.



L O N D O N:

Printed for C. CORBETT, Bookseller and Publisher, at
Addison's-Head in Fleet-street. 1739.
(Price One Shilling.)

AC 911.1739. W545

T H E

State of Rome, &c. &c.

 HAT! still be plagu'd and never take the
Scourge,
Whilst Loads of Venal Trash my Ven-
geance urge?

Shall *Sporus*' Epigrams, and *Codrus*' Odes,
Unpunish'd, haunt their Sovereign's *bless'd* Abodes?
Shall *Bulbus*, *Lubio*, all the hireling Hounds
Bark on, unlash'd, protected by their Gowns?
Shall *Scurrio*, *Eubulus*, and *A B C*,
Leave in the Chandler's Shops no room for me?
No, tho' the Stage be interdicted quite,
The Prefs yet open, *Romans* still may Write.
On then, and fearless rhyme in *Graccus*' Spite.

¹ *Semper ego auditor tantum? nunguamne reponam,*
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?
Impune ergo mibi recitaverit ille togatas,
Hic elegos? impune diem consumperit ingens
Teleplus?
— *Stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique*
Vatibus occurras, peritute parcere charte.

But

But why, with Rage, I grasp the Satire's Rod,
² Why tread the Paths that keen *Lucilius* trod,
 Attend the Causes which my Ire provoke ;
 When *Roman* Sailors feel the *Spaniard's* Yoke,
 By all forsaken, and despis'd by all,
 When *Latium* trembles at the Name of *Gaul* ;
 When black Corruption spreads her Wings around,
 And Brib'ry, bare-fac'd, stalks the Senate Ground ;
³ When *Fair Crispinus*, pretty Man of Wit !
 Dare's in his Master's Ear his Venom spit ;
 Who trips about the Town in *Tyrian* Dye,
 A gaudy, glitt'ring, flutt'ring, teasing Fly ;
 By whom each fair one may be---*what?* why fann'd,
 So fond's the *Thing* to shew his *Lady-Hand*.
 When mad *Santurius* may unhang'd go on,
 To make Men drunk, then stab 'em when h'as done ;
 And hanging * athirst for human Gore
 Condemn his *half-try'd Culprits* by the Score,
⁴ When each Place swarms with such a shameless Crew,
 What Pen holds Gall to give 'em all their due ?
 And yet to see all this and to refrain,
 What Ribs of Iron can my Gall contain ?

² *Cur tamen hoc libeat optius decurrere campo,*
Per quem magnum equos auruncæ flexit alumnus
Si vacat, & placidi rationem admittitis, edam.
Cum tener uxorem ducat Spado : Mævia Tuscæ
Figat aprum, & nuda teneat venabula mamma :

³ *Cum pars Niliace plebis, cum verna Canopi*
Crispinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas,
Ventilet astivum digitis fudantibus aurum.

⁴ *Dificile est Satyram non scribere. Nam quis inique*
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferrœus, ut teneat se ?
Quid referam, quanta fuccum jecur ardeat ira,
Cum populum gregibus comitum premat hic spoliator
Pupilli prostantis ? —

Fierce Indignation boils within my Veins,
 To see big Sharpers proud with impious Gains
 Roll in their Cars, and boast their *knavish* Mains.

⁵ With what Resentment must the Muse behold,
 The *Wife* brought over by her *Spouse* and sold,
 Who his taught Eyes up to the Cieling throws,
 Hears the Jobb done, then back to *B----* goes.

What Age so vast a Crop of Follies bore,
 When was each Vice so dignify'd before?

None, none can e'er out-do us---- future Times 45

Can't add one Scruple to our present Crimes;

⁶ Our Sons but the same Things can wish and do,
 Each Vice is at the highest it can go.

Spread, Satire, spread thy Wings, and fearless fly
 To seize thy Prey, tho' lurking ne'er so high. 50

If Nature could not, Anger would indite,
 And, thus provok'd, e'en *Codrus'* self might write;
 But hold, what Folly! how dar'st thou again
 Speak dangerous Truths, or spoken how maintain?

⁵ *Cam lens accipiat machi bona, si capiendi
 Jus nullum usori, doctus spectare lacunar,
 Et quando uberior virorum copia? quando
 Major avaritie patuit fenus? —
 Nil erit alterius, quod nostris moribus addat
 Pofferitas. —
 Eadem cupient facientque minores.*

⁶ *Omne in precipiti vitium stetit, utere velis,
 Totos pande fenus, dicas hic forsan, unde
 Ingenium par materie? unde illa priorum
 Scribendi, quocumque animo flagrante liberet,
 Simplicitas, cuius non audeo dicere nomen?
 * Si Natura negat, facit Indignatio verum.*

When *Roman* Liberty's so far bereft
 The Honest Heart --- that scarce the Name is left.
 E're *Scandalum Magnatum* was begot
⁷ No matter if his Lordship winch'd or not.
 But now if Freedom with the Great, you take,
 If into Rogues omnipotent you rake,
 -----'s your Doom, or you must flie Abroad,
 To scape the Scourge of the devouring Rod.
 Muse be advis'd, be cautious of your Ears,
 Hold, hold in Time --- a Summons from the ----s,
 A Summons from the ----s, well let it come;
 Not till next *Ides of March*, I meet my Doom,
 And none, in *Rome*, if such gross Vices thrive,
 Another *Ides of March* would chuse, to live.

By Heav'n I'am Sick on't -- ⁸ O were I convey'd,
 Where *Lapland* Ice obstructs the Merchant's Trade;
 When Vice in Triumph lords it thro' the Land,
 And titl'd Knaves support her on each Hand;
 When ev'ry Fool's prefer'd, when Villany
 Grows rich and great, and Cheats alone are free;
 When Beardless Misers, Brutes unknown before
 Wait hourly to be Bought at -----'s Door;

⁷ *Quid resert diuis ignoscat Mutius, an non?*

*— tecum prius ergo voluta
Hec animo ante tubas; galcatum fero duelli.*

⁸ *Ultra Sauronitas fugere kine libet, & glacielem
Oceanum, quoties aliquid de moribus audent,
Qui Carios simulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt,
Indolli primum:*

When *B*----s and *T*----s ev'ry where you meet,
 And *C*----s and *W*----s choak up ev'ry Street ;
⁹ When *W*---d's, the cock Priest, -- that puling Sot,
 Just slip'd the Shell, and in a Tunick got,
 Yet boasts ten Thousand Boobies in his Train,
 Gaping to catch the Ooze of his mad Brain ;
 * When *T*----te both Sexes acts, before
 A vile Indorfer, and behind a Whore ;
 And 'twixt the Males of *O*---n, Scenes are past
 Which make old *D*---'s leud Nocturnals chaste.
¹⁰ Say *Dear Swintonius* what detested Clime,
 Taught *Latium*'s learned Sons so dire a Crime ?
 Thro' what curst Cause do these Distempers rage ?
 What, Why the base corrupt corrupting Age ; 90
 No liberal Science finds the least Support,
 No social Virtue meets one Friend at Court ;
 No Profit rises from the licens'd Stage,
 No License granted to the Truth-fraught Page ;
¹¹ None rais'd, none lov'd, but He who loves the Times,
 Who's skill'd in dark Intrigues, and plung'd in
 Crimes,

⁹ *Non tulit ex illis tortum Laronia quemdam
 Clamentem toties, ubi nunc lex Julia ? dorims ?
 Ad quem ita subridens : Felicia tempora, que se
 Morbis opponunt : habeat jam Roma pudorum.*
 * Hispo subit Juvenes, et morba pallet utroque.

¹⁰ —— *O, pater urbis
 Unde nefas tantum Latii pastoribus ? ——
 Quando artibus inqui bonifis
 Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta Laborum,*

¹¹ *Quis nunc diligitur, nisi concius, et cui fervens
 Aestuat occultis animus Semperque tacendis ?
 —— Gracum urbem non possum ferre, Querites,*

Virtue and Knowledge, all, aloud, deride,
Learning and Wit's industriously decry'd ;
No Bounty's felt but what the Great advance
To glut the Scum of *Italy*, and *France*.

¹² Where rank Adult'ers break the Nuptial State,
And scarce a Bed but feels a Foreign Weight ;
Where no one Woman for one Man seems meant,
But sooner with *one Leg* would be content :

¹³ In ev'ry Street the *Belides* appear, 105
And *Clytemnestra*'s sprout up every where.

¹⁴ Here if one honest Man I chance to View
Above base Int'rest, and to Friendship true;
One Woman chaster than the common Crew,
I rank them with the Prodigies of Fame,

¹⁵ Worse than the Iron Age now onward moves,
For constant Use our Vices so improves,
That baff'd Nature's at a Loss to frame;
A Metal base enough to give the Age a Name :
'Tis Time, high Time to fly this shameful Place,
Where Truth nor Justice dare not shew the Face

¹² *Antiquum et vetus est alienum, Posthume Lectum Concute, —*
Unus Iverine vir sufficit? Ocyus illud Extorauabis, ut hæc oculo contenta si uno,

13 Occurrunt multe tibi Belides —
Mane Clytemnestram nullus non Vicus habebit.

14 *Nunc si depositum non inficietur amicus
Si reddit Veterem cum totâ aerugine follem,
Prodigiosa fides, & Tuscis digna Libellis.*

15 *Nona* atas agitur perjorâque secula ferri
Temporibus quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa
Nomen, et a nullo posuit Natura metallo.

(16) Here let *Arturius* live, and such as He,
 Such Manners will with such a Land agree;
 Chiefs who, in Senates, have the golden Knack
 Of turning Truth to Lies, and White to Black.
 Who build vast Halls to lodge their *wedded Whore*;
 And by Excise and Taxes starve the Poor.

(17) Here *Sporus* live—and once more feel my Rage;
 Once and again I drag thee on the Stage ;
Male-female Thing, without one Virtue made,
 Fit only for the *Pathick's* loathsome Trade :
 Feeble and weak in all that's good and right,
 And only strong in Impudence and Spite.
 What tho' by Blood thou strut'st a gaudy Peer ?
 What tho' thou nestleſt's in thy Master's Ear ?
 No Ill Man's happy — least of all are they
 Whose Study's to corrupt, revile, betray.

(18) What's the Advantage *Junius*, or the Good
 That you can boast a rich paternal Blood ?
 Vain are their Hopes who fancy to inherit,
 By Trees of Pedigree, or Fame, or Merit,
 Tho' plodding Heralds, thro' each Branch may trace
 Old Captains, or old *Gen'rals* of their Race,

C

While

(16) *Vivant ARTURIUS istuc,*
Et Catulus : Maneant qui nigra in candida Vertunt,
Quis facile est adem conducere, flumina, Portus
Et probere caput Domini venale sub basto.

(17) *Euce iterum Crispinus ;* & est mihi sepe vocandus
Ad Partes, monstrum nullo Virtute redemptum
A Vitiis, aeger. solaque libidine fortis :
Quid refert igitur, quantis Jumenta satiget
Porticibus, quanta Nemorum veltetur in umbra ?
Nemo malus felix, minime corruptor—

(18) *Stemmata quid faciunt ? quid prodeft, Pontice, longo*
Sanguine censeri ?
Quis fructus generis tabula jaecture cupaci
Corvijum.—

— *Effigies quo*
Tot Bellatorum, si luditur alea pernox
Ante Numantinos ?

While their base Deeds their Ancestors belie,
And grieve the Brafs, that stands dishonour'd by.

(19) How can't thou *Junius* in mock Triumph bear
Names gain'd by Conquest in the *Gallic War* ?

(20) Who, who will call those Noble that deface,
By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race ?
Whose only Title to their Father's Fame,
Is couch'd in the dead Letters of their Name.
A Dwarf as well a Giant's Name may bear,
Or the puff'd Afs the Lyon's Mantle wear.

(21) To whom, you'll ask, is this Correction due ?
Why realy *Junius* it is meant for you.
Who deem your Person Second to Divine,
Because descended from a god-like Line ;
Tho' yet but *one* illustrious Act you've done,
Forsook your Chief, and from your Colours run:

(22) Great Son of *Troy*, who e're extoll'd a Beast,
For being of a Race above the rest ?
For if fleet *Victor*'s Progeny at last
Prove's a mere Jade and in each Match is cast,
No favour for the Stallion we retain,
No Reverence for the weak degenerate Strain ;

That

(19) *Cur Allobrogicis & magna gaudeat arâ
Natus in Herculeo Fabius lare ? si cupidus, si
Vanus, & Euganea quantumvis mollior agna ?*

(20) — *Quis enim generofum dixerit hunc, qui
Indigenus genere, & preclaro Nonne tantum
Insignis ? Nanum cuiusdam atlanta vocamus ;
Canibus pigris Scabiique Vetus
Levibus, & fice lambentibus ora Lucerne,
Nomen crat Leo.*

(21) *His ego quem monui? tecum est nibi serme, Rubelli
Plance,*
— *Times alto Druorum Sanguine, tanquam
Fecris itse aliquid, propter quod nobilis esses.*

(22) *Dic mihi, Teurorum tyroles, animalia muta
Quis generofa puct, nisi fortia, nempe volucra
Sic Lindamius Equum, facilis cui plurima Palma
Fervet, & exultat rauco victoria circa.*

That we may therefore you, not your's, admire,
First, Sir, some Honour of your own acquire;
Add to that Stock which justly we bestow
On the *great Shade* to whom your Blood you owe:

(23) Let your own Acts immortalize your Name,
Your Grandfires Glory will your Stains proclaim,
And to a clearer Light expose your Shame.
“ For still more public Scandal Vice attends,
“ As he is great and noble who offends:

(24) But War's no more you'll say, there's left no
Room,
To prove our Swords – the Soldier, pent at home,
In Sloth and Riots places his Delight,
Bumper's all Day, and Harlots ev'ry Night.
But hold, War's Rumour! mark the loud Alarms!
Hark the shrill Clarion sounds *to Arms, to Arms!*

(25) Shou'd (Heav'n avert it!) any desperate Fate
Summon all Heads and Hands to guard the State,
Send quick *Arturius* to secure the Port,
“ Where are the *Generals*, where do they resort?
Send to the Bagnio there you're sure to find
The *unfledg'd* Hectors coupling with their Kind.

(26) Go

Nobilis hic, quoquaque venit de gram'ne, cuius.
Cura Fuga ante alios, & primus in Equore fulcit.
Se'l Venale Pecus Corythe Peferitas &
Flirjini, si rara jugo Victoria sedit;
Nil ibi majorum respectus, gratia nulla
Umbrarum,

Ergo ut miremur te, non tuc, primum aliquid da
Quod possim Titulis incidere preter Honores,
Quos illis damus, & declinans, quibus ornata diles.

(23) ————— *Miserum est al æne incumbere Famæ,*
Ne collapsa ruant Subductis testa Columbis.
Incipit ipsorum contra te Stare Parentum
Nobilitas, Claranque Facem preferre pudendis.
Omne animi Vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto Major, qui peccat, habetur.

(24) ————— *Pinguis Damæppus ad illos*
Thermarum calices, inscriptaque Lintea vadit,
Maturus bello Armente. —————

(25) ————— *Præstare Neronem,*
Securum valet hec Ætas. Mitte Oftia Cesar,
Mitte; sed in Magnâ legatum quere Popinâ.
Invenies aliquo cum percusso jacentem.

(26) Go to the Booths where Feats of Fist are
shewn,

There you'll find *Carlo*, from *Patrician*, grown
A Boxer and the Scandal of the Town.
Room for the noble Master Champion – See!
His *mien Majestic* shews his Quality.

(27) This very *Carlo* whom we lately saw,
Flutt'ring about with *Six* in his *Landau*
Is forc'd to make the Stage his last Retreat,
And owe, to *Harlequin's* Grimace, his Meat;
For now he's forc'd, since his Estate is lost,
To make --- a&t, or be himself a Ghost.

(28) Strange! He who knew so well to shake the
Dice,
And dext'rously to throw the lucky *Sice* ;
To shun *Ames-ace* that swept the Stakes away,
Should leave no Gleanings for a rainy Day !

(29) Shameful are these Examples --- Yet we find
To *Rome's* Disgrace, far worse than these behind.

(30) Great Father of the Gods, when for our Crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy Judgment on the Times ;
Some Tyrant King, the Terror of his Age,
The Type and true Vicegerent of thy Rage,
Thus punish him ---- Set Virtue in his Sight,
Dress'd in her Charms, with all her Graces bright ;
But set her distant --- make him pale to see
His Gains outweigh'd by lost Felicity.

But

(26) *R s land mira tamen. citbar edo principe mimus*
Nobilis : hec ultra, quid erit nisi ludus ? & illuc
Dilectus urbis habes.

(27) *Coniunctis opibus Vocem, Damasipppe, locasti*
Sipario, clamosum Ageres ut Phasina Catulli.

(28) *Iure etenim id Summum, quid dexter Senio ferret,*
Scire erat in Voto ; damnoſa canicula quantum
Raderet.

(29) *Quid, si nunquam adeo fædis adeoque pudendis*
Ultimur Exemplis, ut non pejora superfin ?

(30) *Magne pater Divum, Seuos punire Tyrannos*
Ille adi ratione velis, cum dira libido
Moverit Ingenium ferventi tincta Veneno ;
Virtutem videant, intabescantque relata.

But hold, hold Muse, you moralize too long,
 Come ! wake your Reader with some merry Song.
³⁴ Begin, *Calliope*, a Tale to sing,
 Of some *past* Booby *Greek*, or *Roman* King.
 What *Roman* King ? Why *Nero* let it be ;
 Well, but his Times with * ours can ne'er agree.
 Um-- why that's true, --O no, not in the least,
 I only tell, and not apply the Jest.

³⁵ When he with whom the *Flavian* Race decay'd,
 The servile World with Iron Scepter sway'd,
 When strutting *Nero* reign'd, and venal *Rome* obey'd,
 On distant Coasts, where *Spanish* Turrets rise,
 A Fish was taken of a monstrous Size.
 The Wise Commander of the Boat and Lines,
 The Capture for the Emperor designs ;
³⁶ And now he reach'd the Stream, where Poor Remains
 Of *Alba*'s Freedom still its Name retains ;
 The wond'ring Croud that to strange Sights resort,
 And choak'd a while his Passage to the Court,
 At length gives way ; ope flies the Palace Gate,
 The Turbut enters, and's received with State.

³⁴ *Incipe Calliope, licet hic confidere : non est
 Cantandum, res vera agitur.*

³⁵ *Cum jam Semianimum laceraret Flavius Orbem
 Ultimus, & calvo serviret Roma Neroni,
 Incidit Adriaci spatum admirabile Rhombi :
 Definat hoc monstrum cymbæ linique Magister,
 Pontifici summo.*

³⁶ *Utque lacus suberant, ubi, quanquam diruta, servat
 Irenem Trojanum——
 Objicit intranti miratrix turba parumper ;
 Ut cedit, facilis patuerant cardine valva.*

* Juvenal wrote this Story in Donitian's Time.

³⁷ But, O hard Fate! the Palace Stores, no Dish
Afford, capacious of the mighty Fish.

¹ Call, *Cæsar* cries, my trusty Senate straight ;
This great Affair demands their sage Debate.
What with this *Spaniſh* Monster we must do,
Fathers, I'll graciously appeal to you.

The Hall is swept, the wise Patricians come,
To canvas, as they deem, the State of *Rome*.

² Cunning *Veiento*, lo ! and by his Side
The great *Catullus*, leaning on his Guide,
Decrepid, yet a furious Lover He,
And deeply smit with Charms he scarce can see ;
Whose Levee's daily crowded with Refort
Of a depending, gaping, servile Court.

³ Who grants all Honours of the Sword, and Gown,
Glads with a Nod, and ruins with a Frown ;
Who led his Emp'r'or in a String, and sway'd
That Prince whom once the subject World obey'd ;

⁴ Who the stiff Pride of *Roman* Nobles broke,
And bent their haughty Necks beneath his Yoke ;
Thus rais'g a top-heavy Tow'r, whose Weight
Crush'd him at last --- no unexpected Fate ;

³⁷ *Sed deerat Pisci patine Menura.* —

— *Vocantur*
Ergo in concilium proceres.

² *Et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,*
Qui nunquam vīsae flagrabat amore pueræ.

³ *atque illi sellas donare curules ?*
Illum exercitibus præponere ?

⁴ *Nam qui nimios optabit honores,*
Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabit
Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior effet

For few such Wretches to the Shades descend
By a dry Death, or by a glorious End.

* None more cry'd up the *Fish*, --He, in it's Praife,
With Zeal his Voice, with Zeal his Hands did raiſe.

⁵ Nor came *Veiento* ſhort, but as inspir'd,
With his great Leader's Gold and Spirit fir'd,

⁶ Prophetic, cries, "The happy Omen ſee,
Of fruitful Peace, or glorious Victory.

Some captive King ſhall *Cæſar*'s Prowefs own,
And proud aspiring *Gaul* come tumbling down.
The Golden Age, O *Rome*! returns to thee,
Thy Power unbounded, and thy Commerce free ;
The Merchant's Plunderer ſhall his Prey reſtore,
And Harpies range the *Indian* Seas no more."

⁷ Old *Crispus* next, wanton, tho' old, appears,
His Lust (tho' Power) not yielding to his Years ;
Who thinking the Debate perplex'd and long,
Sate down and muſ'd him with a bawdy Song.

Montanus Belly next, advancing flow,
Before the Sweating Senator did go.

⁸ *Crissinus* after, but much ſweeter, comes,
Fainting beneath the Fume of *Indian* Gums.

Casus, & impulſe præcepſ immane ruine.
Ad generum Cereris ſine cæde & vulnere pauci
Defendant Reges & ſicca morte Tyranni.

* *Nemo magis Rhombum Stupuit :*

¹ *Non cedit Veiento, ſed ut fanaticus Aſtro*

⁶ *Percuſſus, Bellona, tuo divinat ; & ingens,*
Omen habes, inquit, magni clarique Triumphi :
Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
Excidet Arviragus.

⁷ —— *Venit & Crispi jucunda Seneſtus.*

Montani quoque Venter adœſt Abdomine tardus :

⁸ *Et matutino ſudans Crissinus anomo,*
Quantum vix redolent duo funera —

⁹ *Pompeius* then, well skill'd in the Court Game
Of cutting Throats, with a soft Whisper, came.

Reynardus next befools the high Abode,
Spewing out *Sporus'* Nonsense by the Load.

Next him *Acilius* of an Age the same,
With eager Haste to the grand Council came,
In Temper mild, and blefs'd with Share of Sense,
His Manners winning as his Eloquence ;
None abler to have fav'd the Land than he,
If, as his Thoughts were just, his Tongue were free ;
If it were safe to vent his Gen'rous Heart ;
But, *Nero* reigning, 'twas a dangerous Part.
If Power grown absolute Advice could bear ;
¹⁰ But what's so tender as a Tyrant's Ear ?
With whom whoever, tho' a Fav'rite, spake,
At each cross Vote expos'd his Whole at Stake.
This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
As some Oafs did, to stem th' impetuous Tide.

¹¹ Then *Fuscus* sagely op'd his Mouth, and spoke,
With many a Hem! but, what was the best Joke,

⁹ *Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire susurro :*
Proximus ejusdem properabit Acilius avi,
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium, maria, ac terras, populosque regenti
Quis comis utilior, si clade & peste sub illa
Sævitiam damnare, & honestum affrre liceret

¹⁰ *Confilium ?*
Sed quid violentius aure Tyranni ?
Cum quo de pluviis, aut æfibus, aut nimboſo
Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici ?
Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem. Nec civis erat, qui libera poſſet
Verba Animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero.

¹¹ *Et qui vulturibus servabat viscera Dacis*
Fuscus.

Mistook the **Cafe**, till by **Catullus'** Look
Struck Dumb, he strait, with Shame, the *Hall forsook*.

The *Speecher* last uprises, from whose *Bill*
Sweet empty Sounds, and honey Dews distil ;
And many a Word he spoke, and made much Pother,
Declaiming fine, on this, and that, and t'other.
At length the great, th' important Question's put ;
¹² Fathers, your Judgment, --- *Shall the Fish be cut ?*
O far, far be't from us, *Montanus* cries,
To do Dishonour to the noble Prize :
A Dish of finest Earth made deep and wide,
Fit to contain it whole, with Speed provide ;
¹³ And henceforth, let a *Potter* always wait,
To serve in these Emergencies of State.
He spoke, ---and straight his Council is observ'd :
With Joy he sees the Fish *entire* preserv'd ;
Well knowing, did they go beneath it's Skin,
They'd find it stink most *cruelly* within.

¹² *Quidnam igitur censes ? conciditur ? abſit aī illo*
Deleceus hoc, Montanus ait ; tēſla alta pareatur,
Quae tenuo mura ſpatiūm colligat orbem.

¹³ *Sed ex hōc*
Tempore jam, Cæſar, figuli tua caſtra ſequantur.
Vicit digna vīro ſententia.

25 (2) 2

